

16
THE
A

P O E M;

Dedicated by Permission,

H. Shepherd

Sculpsit

To HER GRACE the

DUCHESS of DEVONSHIRE.



J. M. del.

A. Middleton sculp.

"O' take, O' keep me ever blest Domains,
"Where lovely Flora with Pomona reigns
"Where Art fulfill's what Nature's Voice requires
"And gives the Charms to which my Sense aspires.



DEDICATION.
TO HER GRACE
THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

MADAM,

INFERIOR as the merit may be to which the following Poem may lay claim, yet, as it is natural to have some degree of partiality for what has employed a portion of our time, so it must be our wish to preserve it from oblivion by every support which can be obtained.

If I may be thought fortunate in the choice of a Subject, I surely shall not be deemed less happy in the honour of a Patron, should this little Effusion come into the world under the approving auspices and protection of the DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE. If the scene, which I attempt to celebrate, has been justly considered as one of the most indisputable Testimonies of *National Art*, no one will deny, also, that its present Possessors may, with equal justice, be looked up to as the acknowledged Arbiters of *National Taste*.

B

With

With the advantage of *such a Subject* to work upon, any Author but myself would have *deserved* the retribution of public countenance to his labours:—Under the felicity of *such a Patronage* it may, perhaps, be *my* humble lot to *receive* it..

As it constitutes no part of my prospects, to aspire to the higher distinctions of Literary Excellence, the benignant approbation of your Grace will at once compensate for the labour and solicitude which for ever accompany, even perhaps in the most gifted minds, the exertions of the Muse, and fill up the entire measure of my poetical ambition. With the hope of this flattering remuneration, I remain,

With all respect and gratitude,

Your GRACE's

Most obliged

And most obedient

Humble Servant,

THE AUTHOR

CHATSWORTH.

NOW when the orb of light, with golden ray,
Beams its effulgence on the new-born May,

And milder zephyrs, with their sportive wing,

Diffuse the flow'ry fragrance of the spring;

Delightful SPRING! how pure thy balmy gale,

Wafting thy varied sweets o'er hill and dale!

Warm'd by thy breath, where roving fancy leads,

Far from a world of noise, the Muse recedes,

To where soft DERWENT rolls his glassy tide,

Or bursts from circling rocks with swelling pride.

'Midst varied scenes of pleasure or affright,

Wide-spreading groves, or caves of endless night:

With Freedom blest, she breathes her careless strains,
Fond of the kindred wilds and far-stretch'd plains.

Here pensive SOLITUDE inspires the soul,
Free, and unconscious of the world's controul :

In awful silence, on its native force

The mind reflects, and finds an ample source.

Yet not to philosophic thought confin'd,

To Heav'n alone we yield the active mind.

To soothe our deeper cares, bright FANCY plays

Her vary'd pow'rs, and guides the poet's lays ;

Her pencil's magic touch at once convenes

And paints unnumber'd visionary scenes ;

O'er which with rapture Meditation strays,

Uplifts the mind, and tunes the soul to praise.

Why view we else that cottage with delight ?

Not that, alone, its bowers enchant the sight,

Nor that its simple charms our praise demands,

Where 'midst the myrtle shade it artless stands :

Round which the woodbine, and the vernal rose,

With fragrant eglantine, their sweets disclose.

Beyond

Beyond the humble roof the eye defcries
 The village-smoke aspiring to the skies;
 Slowly emerging in fantastic clouds,
 Scarce from the fight the distant steeple shrouds.
 These beauties charm the eye; but still we find
 That joys superior fill the glowing mind,
 FANCY expands, and with delight surveys
 The inmate's peace, content, and harmless days.

Yon chrystal tide, whose gently murm'ring stream
 To wanton play invites the solar beam,
 And, courting thro' the mead its mazy way,
 Shews where its tenantry their hues display;
 Cannot alone, with all its native charms,
 Dispense that rapture which the bosom warms.
 When, with the subject pleas'd, reflexion glows,
 And hails the pow'r from whom the bounty flows.

See the proud mountain from the plains arise,
 Whose lofty summit menaces the skies;
 Whose frowning brow scouls o'er the ripling flood,
 Seeming impatient of its pond'rous load;

Threat'ning

Threat'ning destruction to the vent'rous tribe*,
Whom its rich treasures to such dangers bribe.

'Tis not alone that its stupendous height,
With pleasing horror strikes the ravish'd sight;
IMAGINATION from the summit springs
Beyond the SENSES reach; extends her wings,
And takes her flight, the AUTHOR's hand to trace,
The hand unlimited by time or place.
Thus ev'ry object to Reflexion leads,
And REASON treads the path where SENSE precedes.

Where could the Muse more ample scenes explore
Than, lucid DERWENT†, on thy vary'd shore?
Whether to views romantic she would fly,
Or where the chaster prospect charms the eye;
Where Nature wild, appealing to the heart,
Defies the mimicry of feeble art;
Where thy bold stream, in its restless course,
From rocks loud dashes, with terrific force;

* The lead-miners.

† The river *Derwent*, on the banks of which *Chatsworth* is situated.

Or gently glides along th' enamell'd plain,
 Whose charms awhile thy ling'ring course detain.
 Or if the CAVERN's* dreary path she trace,
 Or view, proud TOR†, thy undiminish'd face;
 That, ever mould'ring thro' the lapse of time,
 Presents in age the glories of thy prime;
 Or that ABYSS‡, whose vast profound retreat
 Shall still the pow'r of human search defeat;
 Each in their turn such various thoughts suggest,
 The mind, bewilder'd, knows not where to rest.

Tho' these might well enrich the rural lay,
 The modest Muse will but their names display;
 But 'midst thy shades, O! CHATSWORTH||, let her rove,
 Thy charms the subject of her fondest love;
 Where ART and NATURE, mutually combin'd,
 Insure a conquest o'er the raptur'd mind.

* The prodigious cavern in the PEAK of DERBY.

† MAM TOR, an excessive high mountain, the face of which, though it has been continually mouldering away, yet bears no apparent signs of diminution.

‡ ELDEN HOLE, another of the wonders, is a vast pit, the depth of which, though every method has been attempted to ascertain it, has never yet been discovered.

|| CHATSWORTH, reckoned as the *first* wonder of the Peak.

When

When am'rous TITHON would AURORA stay,
 And Night retires before the blushing Day,
 Then PHOEBUS rises with resplendent beam,
 Pervading nature in an orient stream ;
 The envious shades, that o'er th' expanse were spread,
 Shrink at his sight, and from the scene recede ;
 So CHATSWORTH'S lustre thro' the gloom pervades,
 Piercing the lofty mountain's ample shades,
 Beneath whose shelter proudly stands the pile,
 The noblest effort of ingenious toil ;
 Nor dreads the wintry storms bleak EURUS pours,
 With blasts impetuous, from Norwegian shores.
 This blissful spot perennial blossoms chear,
 And vernal transports revel thro' the year.
 Whate'er of BEAUTY, GRANDEUR, TASTE refin'd,
 Bestow'd by NATURE, or by ART design'd ;
 In this fair scene a thousand charms conspire,
 Where ART and NATURE blaze with mingled fire.
 If outward splendour has adorn'd the dome,
 Here splendid feelings too have fix'd their home.

THOU,

THOU, whose munificence the structure rear'd,
 Whose virtue, sense, and beauty, were rever'd;
 ELIZA* ! source of DEVON's honour'd line,
 For thee the Muse her grateful wreaths shall twine;
 Nor less shall WILLIAM's† worth to her be known,
 WILLIAM, whom all the sister Muses own;

Whose

* ELIZA, Countess of Shrewsbury, who was married, in 1544, to SIR WILLIAM CAVENDISH; her nephews were Earls of *Devon*, *Newcastle*, and *Kingston*. This lady was one of the most accomplished women of her time, and as remarkable for her virtues as her accomplishments. She was the foundress of *Chatsworth*.

† WILLIAM CAVENDISH, first Duke of Devonshire, who was singularly remarkable for his natural and acquired endowments. In 1665, when *Lord Cavendish*, he served in the fleet under the Duke of York. He afterwards was the most forward in promoting an inquiry into the Popish Plot, and bringing the offenders to justice. He carried up the articles of impeachment against *Chief Justice Scroggs*, for his arbitrary proceedings in the Court of King's Bench. In 1680, the King declaring his resolution not to consent to a Bill of Exclusion, *Lord Cavendish* made a motion, that a bill might be brought in for the association of all his Majesty's Protestant Subjects. He was also one of those who openly named the evil Counsellors, and promoted the address to his Majesty to remove them from his Councils for ever. He vindicated *Lord Russell* in the face of the Court, and afterwards offered to set him at liberty, by exchanging cloaths in the prison. He prosecuted the murderer of his friend, Mr. Thynne, who being discharged, he offered him proof by single combat, which was refused. He soon after became *Earl of Devon*, by his father's decease. He was the earliest in inviting over the *Prince of Orange*, and appeared in arms for him on his landing. In the first session of Parliament, he procured an Act, that no Peer ought to be committed for non-payment of fine to the Crown. In 1691 he attended *King William* to Congress; at the Hague; he had there the honour to entertain several Sovereign Princes at his table. King William was there *incog*. In 1694, he was created *Marquis of Hartington*, and *Duke of Devonshire*. After the Queen's death, he was one of the Lords Justices for seven years; an honour no other temporal Peer ever enjoyed. In *Queen Ann's* reign, he was one of the Commissioners for concluding a Union with Scotland.

C

He

Whose skill unrivall'd as his virtues stood,
 Whose ardent study was his country's good :
 Those virtues shall recall his honour'd shade,
 When CHATSWORTH's glories shall decline and fade.
 Within, the softer Arts their charms supply,
 And VARRIO's pencil captivates the eye ;
 Here THORNHILL, too, our just applause must claim,
 LA GUERRE and CHEWON boast a rival fame.
 Nor shall the SCULPTOR's art unnotic'd stand,
 CIBBER and GIBBONS honest praise command.
 The rival Arts contending here are found,
 Each with the happiest meed supremely crown'd* ;
 Whilst PHOEBUS, pleas'd, their various skill surveys,
 And tunes his lyre to sing their equal praise*.

But let the Muse retire to scenes she loves,
 'Midst cooling fountains and sequester'd groves ;

He seemed (says Kennet) to be made for a Patriot ; his mien and aspect were engaging and commanding ; his address and conversation, civil and courteous in the highest degree. A judge of history, a critic in poetry, and a fine hand in music. He had an elegant taste in painting, and all polite arts ; and in architecture, in particular, a genius, skill, and experience, beyond any one person of the age.

* Alluding to the paintings in the gallery, *Apollo* and the *Muses*, and the *Graces* crowning *Sculpture* and *Painting*.

Where

Where FLORA wantons in ambrosial bow'rs,
 Perfumes the gale, and leads the fragrant hours.
 Spontaneous sweets enrich the smiling plain,
 And Love and Nature hold a joyful reign.
 Here blue-ey'd NAIADS wanton'd in the stream,
 And held their revels by pale CYNTHIA's beam.
 Great Neptune* too forfook his wide domain,
 Here fought the sportive EPHYDRIAD train:
 Attendant NEREIDS join'd the wanton throng,
 Mix'd in the dance, and rais'd the choral song.
 No weeping nymphs the leafy honours mourn,
 By ruthless hands from their lov'd dwellings torn;
 In full luxuriance here the spreading grove
 Forms the kind shelter for retiring love;
 Here the soft warblers may securely stray,
 And chaunt their sonnets from each waving spray.

* Amongst the water-works in these gardens, which are reckoned the finest in the kingdom, there is a figure of *Neptune*, with his nymphs, who seem to sport themselves in the waters, a pond where sea horses are continually rolling, &c.

Where could the beauteous Queen, fair MARY*, find
 Scenes so congenial to her love-fraught mind,
 As, lovely CHATSWORTH! thy embow'ring shades,
 Thy murmuring fountains, and thy loud cascades;
 Whose plaintive echo to the soul replies,
 Allays its grief, and mitigates its sighs;
 Soothes the keen anguish of the care-worn breast,
 And lulls the wounded heart to welcome rest.
 Within thy bow'rs, for many a mournful year,
 Her brilliant eyes gave Solitude a tear;
 Whilst every nymph, of grove, of fountain, lake,
 Vied, of her sorrows earliest to partake.
 One gentle DRYAD Mem'ry's page yet fills,
 From ev'ry leaf the pearly drop distills,
 And, in the mournful WILLOW's† form, still shews
 The grief she felt for hapless MARY's woes.
 But, 'midst her deep distress, the Muse must own,
 A cheering ray of transient comfort shone:

* Mary Queen of Scots was a prisoner at Chatsworth thirteen years, under the care of Elizabeth Countess of Shrewsbury, before-mentioned.

† Alludes to an artificial Willow-Tree, in the gardens, so contrived, that, by turning a cock, water drops from every leaf, like a shower of rain.

Whilst

Whilst one Eliza's* jealous fears oppress,
 ANOTHER† calm'd the sorrows of her breast;
 With gentle manners, soften'd Fate's decree,
 And smooch'd the frown's of stern Adversity.
 In SHREWSB'RY's fame, a prototype we find
 Of virtues such as grace fair DEVON's mind.
 The Gallic HERO‡, too, whom Fate decreed
 All-conq'ring MARLB'ROUGH should in triumph lead,
 Boasted thy streams possess'd Lethæan pow'r,
 To chace rememb'rance of the captive hour;
 Whene'er he thought on his ill-fated lot,
 The days he pass'd in thee should be forgot.

Thrice happy spot! with beauty so replete,
 The boast of Nature, and fair Virtue's feat;
 Thrice happy spot! whom thy indulgent fate
 Has destin'd only to the truly Great.

* Queen Elizabeth.

† Countess of Shrewsbury.

‡ The famous *Marshal Count Tallard*, who was also a prisoner here; upon leaving it, he paid the following elegant compliment to the place:—"When I return," said he, "to my native country, and reckon up the days of my captivity, I shall leave out those which I spent at *Chatsworth*."

Not to the wretch, who, with Oppression's hand,
 Would spread destruction o'er his native land :
 Not to the monsters whose unblushing crimes
 Reflect a foul dishonour on the times,
 By whose insatiate avarice and pride,
 Kingdoms have fall'n, and Potentates have died ;
 Whose ill-got wealth, to hide a base descent,
 In purchas'd titles and vain pomp is spent :
 None such has e'er polluted thy fair fame,
 Or ting'd thy glories with a sully'd name.
 'Tis thine to boast, that Envy's keenest dart
 Could ne'er the slightest prejudice impart :
 A line illustrious thy retreats have known,
 In whom the HERO, STATESMAN, PATRIOT, shone ;
 Whose Virtue, Wisdom, Honour, Genius, Birth,
 Display'd their great hereditary worth.
 These are the rays which so conspicuous shine,
 And shed their glory o'er great DEVON's line.
 By these alone distinguish'd we can see
 The titled Slave from true Nobility :

Such

Such are the barriers plac'd, by Reason's hand,
 From Anarchy to guard their native land,
 When tyrant Pow'r or fierce tumultuous Rage
 Would stain with war and blood th' historic page.

Nor let it be forgot, in thy retreat,
 That MERIT still a patronage could meet :
 Here JONSON's Muse a kind MECÆNAS* knew,
 Whom to thy shades a mind congenial drew ;
 The sister Arts† were here with joy carest,
 And ev'ry science prov'd a welcome guest.

A blifs superior could fair fortune give,
 Than in thy sweet retreats to muse and live ?
 Yes ; 'twas reserved for chaste connubial love
 The nameless raptures of the heart to prove ;
 For SPENCER's smiles to spread their genial ray,
 And add a lustre to the cheerful day.

* WILLIAM CAVENDISH, *Duke of Newcastle*, in the reign of James the First ; a man of uncommon abilities. In *Charles the First's* time, the favours he received occasioned the envy of the Duke of Buckingham. He was a strong adherent to *Charles the Second*, on which account he was obliged to fly, and lived a considerable time abroad in great distress. He was an excellent poet himself, and patronized *Ben Jonson* ; the famous *Sir William Davenant* was his Lieutenant-General. Dying without issue, the title became extinct.

† Poetry and Painting.

How oft is giddy Youth by Fancy led,
 And courts meer beauty to the nuptial bed ;
 From outward graces only makes the choice,
 Blind to the heart, and deaf to Reason's voice.
 The glist'ning eye the yielding bosom warms,
 The graceful shape provokes to love's alarms ;
 The vivid feature, or the flowing hair,
 All, all, are charms, which heedless minds ensnare.

How happier far, where reason love inspires,
 And what the eye approves the soul admires,
 Then say, O Muse! where cou'dst thou wing thy flight,
 So sure to find the form where these unite,
 As to the shades whose Glories strung thy lyre,
 Where smiling Graces Beauty's self attire ;
 But where each Virtue gave each Charm the pow'r
 To add fresh transport to the bridal hour ?
 Suited alike the first in courts to shine,
 Or in retirement's milder joys to join :
 Who, 'midst the circles of the gay tho' plac'd,
 To guide their judgement, and direct their taste,

Yet

Yet smiles upon the giddy trifling train
 Of borrow'd charms, impertinently vain.
 Here, Sense superior, Elegance of mind,
 Give birth to Fashion, and a Taste refin'd ;
 In one lov'd form the bounteous pow'rs impart
 " Grace without Pride, and Virtue void of Art."
 A soul, by LIBERTY and HONOUR led
 The path her ancestors had trac'd to tread,
 The glorious spark, from bright example caught,
 A race of Heroes, who for Freedom fought.

Oh ! sacred Liberty ! whose spring divine,
 Flows thro' the veins of an heroic line ;
 How do thy charms enliven every grace,
 And beam new lustre on the fairest face !
 Thy purest flame the brightest form pervades ;
 To soar 'bove Custom's tyrant laws persuades :
 Beyond the current of the vulgar tide,
 Pursues the track, where Reason, Conscience, guide,
 Where SINGULARITY's unbeaten way
 The grov'ling and ignoble minds dismay ;

Superior to her sex, unfolds her worth,
And shews the virtues of illustrious birth.

Baleful CORRUPTION! what insidious foe
To man first brought thee from the shades below;
To spread thy influence o'er a mighty land,
Scatt'ring delusive poison from thy hand;
Destroying ev'ry sense of Virtue's law,
And from its purpose pleas'd the mind to draw?
What fiend but thee could urge the mad career?
To Honour's call could turn a deafen'd ear?
When FREEDOM, deck'd with ev'ry pow'rful charm,
That might the most obdurate bosom warm,
With smiling graces, courted ev'ry voice,
Bright'ning the way that led to Honour's choice?
Let ENVY snarl, let hell-born MALICE swell;
"No crime's so great as daring to excell."
Tho' all their deleterious arts assail,
Yet spite of these shall FREEDOM's cause prevail;
And every British breast with pride shall own,
Her lustre in the BEAUTEOUS PATRIOT shone.

But

But quit, my Muse, such scenes of busy strife,
 And prove the pleasures of domestic life;
 There view the wonder of the public eye
 Amidst the joys of sweet Tranquility.
 Nor less can these just admiration claim,
 In private, as in public life the same.
 In THIS each sentiment aloud declares,
 She ornaments the titles that she wears;
 In THAT, the softer Virtues daily prove
 The fairest patterns of connubial love.
 The bliss serene, which conscious Virtue knows,
 When soften'd Passion into Friendship grows;
 When the dear pledges of a mutual flame
 A parent's pleasing anxious caution claim.
 These stranger-joys, scarce known to Wealth and State,
 Within thy happy shades, oh! CHATSWORTH! wait;
 The social Virtues deck thy proudest boast,
 Each seeming eager to attract the most.
 Hers 'tis to feel the sympathetic glow,
 To stop the current of oppressive Woe,

When

When gentle PITY hears the plaintive tale,
And CHARITY forbids the wretch to wail.

But cease, my Muse, nor longer swell the page,
Or with the hard tho' pleasing task engage,
To paint those Virtues which thy feeble lay
Can ne'er aspire, with justice, to display;
As well might man's too weak but curious eye,
When SOL's meridian brightness glares on high,
Absurdly aim the hardship to surmount,
And ev'ry dazzling solar ray to count.

Thus ever blest, and blessing all around,
May ev'ry godlike Virtue still be found,
Descending in a long illustrious line,
Whose actions may in future periods shine;
That late posterity may ever trace,
The ancient glories of a noble race;
Thus, CHATSWORTH, may thy beauties ever live
Deck'd by that lustre which the Virtues give.

F I N I S.

